

## The Tragedie.

*Enter Catesby with Hastings head.*

*Cat.* Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,  
The dangerous and vn suspected Hastings.

*Glo.* So deare I lou'd the man, that I must weepe:  
I tooke him for the plainest harmelesse man,  
That breathed vpon this earth a Christian:  
Looke ye my Lord Maior:

I made him my booke wherein my soule recorded  
The Historie of all her secret thoughts:  
So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of vertue,  
That his apparant open guilt omitted:

I meane his conuersation with Shores wife,  
He laid from all attainer of suspect. (trait

*Buck.* Well, well, he was the couertst sheltered  
That euer liu'd, would you haue imagined,  
Or almost beleue, wert not by great preseruatiue  
We liue to tell it you? The subtile traitor  
Had this day plotted in the counsell house,  
To murder me, and my good Lord of Gloucester.

*Maior.* What, had he so?

*Glo.* What thinke ye we are Turks or Infidels,  
Or that we would against the course of Law,  
Proceed thus rashly to the villaines death,  
But that the extreame perill of the case,  
The peace of England, and our persons safetie  
Inforst vs to this execution?

*Ma.* Now faire befall you, he deserued his death,  
And you my good L. both, haue well proceeded,  
To warne false traitors from the like attempts:  
I neuer lookt for better at his hands,  
After he once fell in with Mistresse Shore.

*Glo.* Yet had not we determined he should die,  
Vntill your Lordship came to see his death,  
Which now the longing haste of these our friends  
Some what against our meaning haue peruented,  
Because my Lord, wee would haue had you heard  
The traitor speake, and timorously confesse  
The manner, and the purpose of his treason,  
That you might well haue signified the same

## of Richard the third.

Vnto the Cittizens, who happily may  
Misconster vs in him, and wayle his death.

*Ma.* My good L. your Graces word shall serue,  
As well as I had scene or heard him speake:  
And doubt you not right noble Princes both,  
But ile acquaint your dutious Cittizens  
With all your iust proceedings in this cause.

*Glo.* And to that end we wisht your Lordship  
To auoid the carping sensures of the world. (here,

*Buc.* But since you came too late of our intents,  
Yet witnesse what we did intend, and so my Lord adue.

*Glo.* After, after, Cousen Buckingham. *Exit Maior.*  
The Maior towards Guild-hall nies him in all post,

There at your meetst aduantage of the time,  
Inferre the bastardy of Edwards children:  
Tell them how Edward put to death a Citizen,  
Onely for saying he would make his sonne  
Heire to the Crowne, meaning (indeed) his house,  
Which by the signe thereof was tearmed so.

Moreouer, vrge his hatefull luxurie,  
And bestiall appetite in change of lust,  
Which stretched to their seruants, daughters, wiues,  
Euen where his lustfull eye, or sauge heart,  
Without controll list to make his prey:

Nay for a need thus farre come neere my person,  
Tell them, when that my mother went with child  
Of that vnfortunate Edward, noble Yorke,  
My Princely father then had warres in France,  
And by iust computation of the time,  
Found, that the issue was not his begot,  
Which well appeared in his lineaments,  
Being nothing like the noble Duke my father:  
But touch this sparingly as it were farre off,  
Because you know my Lord, my brother lines.

*Buc.* Feare not, my Lord, ile play the Orator,  
As if the golden fee for which I pleade  
Were for my seife.

*Glo.* If you thrive well, bring them to Baynards Castle,  
Where you shall finde me well accompanied